

RODONDO;

OR

The STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTOS I. AND II.

Stat magni nominis umbra.

LUCAN.

Uno minor est Jove : Dives

*Liber. Honoratus, Pulcher ; REX DENIQUE REGUM,
Præcipue sanus, nisi cum Pituita molesta est. HORAT.*

L O N D O N,

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MDCCLXIII.

RODONDO;

OR

The STATE JUGGLERS.

CANTO I.

WHEN Learning grew to such a head
That Authors wrote, who never read;
And special wits, in verse and prose,
Like Mushrooms, in a Night arose;
Regal'd the Town a Day, and then
Sunk to Obscurity again.
When *Henley*, pride of *Butcher Row*,
Was gone where *Ch----ll* too must go;
But like *Elijah* left his Spirit,
For this *Elifha* to inherit.
When bare a---s'd *Caledonian* Rogues,
Forfook their Oatmeal, Plaids, and Brogues;
And over *Berwick* Bridge came flocking,
For *Galligaskine* Shoe and Stocking.
When Knowledge, Courage, Sense, and Worth,
Were first defin'd by *South* and *North*;
And *Tweed's* irremeable Waves,
Became the Boundary of----Knives.
When even *T---ple* grew a wise Man,
And gaug'd the State like an Excise-Man:
Imbibing sympathetic Wit,
And Eloquence from *Bratther P-tt*.

A

Then

Then great RODONDO left the Steerage,
 And took a *Pension* and a *Peerage*;
 Yet warn'd by *Patriot P--tn--y's* Fate,
 He *keck'd* and *boggled* at the Bait;
 Nor would he *touch* a single *Tester*;
 But left all that to Lady *E---*.
 See what it is to have a Wife!
She wears the coronet for life;
 And for her *Sake* *he* stoops to bear,
Three thousand ENGLISH Pounds a Year!
 And still a *Patriot* firm and true,
 Is not oblig'd to *buckle to*;
 But stands upon his *Honour* still,
 Like Captain *Bluff*; or *Bobadil*.
 Yet, lest this pimping *Pension* Story,
 Should tarnish *patriotic* Glory,
 He took at once to thrifty courses,
 And wisely *advertis'd* his *Horses*:
 As who should say; " 'Tis all a Lie:
 " I can't afford a *Sett*; not I!"
 With borrow'd *Pair* thro' *Cheapside* drove,
 To thank the City for her Love;
 And zealous in his Country's Cause,
 Bow'd, and *huzza'd*---his own Applause!
 By Loss of Place and *Power* a Winner
 Of *Pension*, *Peerage*; Mob and Dinner:
 Then stuff'd with *Pudding*, as with *Praise*,
 Retir'd to Solitude and *H---ys*!
 But there his Time was not mispent,
 Like common Folks in Banishment.
 He scorn'd to play at *Duck* and *Drake*,
 Like *Scipio* on Pond or Lake.
 At Plough like *Cincinnatus* toil;

Or in a Pipkin Turnips boil :
 Eat Fish with *Milo* at *Marseilles* ;
 With *Alcibiades* tame Quails ;
 Look after Oxen like *Apollo*,
 And tune his Pipe to Jigg, or Solo :
 No, great *Rodondo's* mighty mind,
 Despis'd all Pastime of that Kind ;
 For, as of *Hudibras* the Sword,
 One half its Scabbard erst devour'd,
 And would have made the Whole a Prize,
 Unless for nobler Exercise ;
 So his great Soul, if left at Ease,
 Wou'd gnaw his flesh, as Maggots, Cheese ;
 Or tempt the Gout his deadly Foe,
 To pick a Quarrel with his Toe,
 And lay him fairly by the Heels,
 As he himself laid down the *Seals* ;
 Unless to all he made it plain,
 That he would take them up again ;
 Whenever R---y---l G---e should own
 That he was fit to *guide alone* ;
 And humbly begg'd that he wou'd stoop,
 To pick a falling M---ch up.
 So, lest the *thinking very few*,
 Shou'd *think* it odd that he withdrew
 His Neck and Gizzard from the Snare,
 Leaving us deep in Debt and War ;
 He swore we ow'd it to the *Scots*,
 And roundly fell a hatching Plots
 Of deep Design to ruin B---te ;
 That done, himself were absolute.
 As for the K---g, he'd serve and love him,
 Provifo he might *reign* above him ;

Which Scheme all Feuds must reconcile,
Like *Trinculo's* in desert Isle.

How *Bridlegoose* became his Friend,
Their ancient Hatred at an End;
How Brother *Tididol* assisted;
How *Sacro Gorgon* they enlisted;
How *Gacofogo*, splay-foot Hero,
Came to their Aid with Sword and Spear-o;
And how he fought while *Gorgon* wrote;
And what they fought, and what they got,
Say, Muse: But soft; I must invoke her
To rob her of *that* Due wou'd shock her.

You, who some thousand Years ago
Had many Favours to bestow;
Who in your youthful Days were common
To many a *Greek*, and many a *Roman*,
From *Homer* down to *Apuleius*,
But seldomer of late came nigh us:
Yet even we of modern Race
May sometimes boast of your Embrace,
For *Samuel Butler* stakes his Word,
You liv'd with him at Bed and board:
You, by the lively Dean impress't,
Became the Dam of many a Jest.
Your Love for *Arbuthnot* is known;
But that is not so safe to own;
What Lady wou'd confess a Passion,
For any of his *lousy* Nation?
How cou'd the Muse a *Scot* endure?
The rich *North Briton* calls them poor!
The wise *North Briton* marks them Fools,

And

And *Faction's Haskney* stamps them Tools.
 Great *Ch* —— *ll* swears they're dull and stale,
 His Paunch replete with Beef and Ale;
 And nodding o'er the twentieth Pot,
 Hiccups and belches, "D—n a *Scot*.
 "How can the Rogues pretend to Sense?
 "Their Pound is only Twenty Pence!"
 Now Muse, if after all that's said
 You love 'em; be it on your Head.
 But never blush to own your yielding
 To *Garth*, and since to *Harry Fielding*,
 And others, who at Leap and Trial,
 Affirm you gave them no Denial.
 You Porter-drinking *Ch* —— *ll* wooes,
 With Tropes and Figures from the Stews;
 And, to incline you to his Passion,
 Of Tankard Bottoms makes Libation:
 But you to all his Vows averse,
 Turn on 'his Muddiness your ——;
 Which he adores with much Devotion,
 And kisses, —— when you make a motion,
 And hence it follows; his *North Briton*
 And *Ghost*, are only fit to sh—t on.
 O grant me, Laughter-loving Dame,
 I think *Thalia* is thy Name,
 The Boon which humbly I implore,
 To kiss thy Hand, and Parts before,
 And I relinquish those behind,
 To such as are of *Ch* —— *ll's* Mind.

Now shou'd we to the Subject rush:
 Good Wine, they tell us, needs no Bush.

And Wits, indeed, in Days of Yore
 Ran it (in Jockey Phrase) off Score.
 They knew before-hand what came next,
 And stuck like Preachers to a Text ;
 But we, in all Things Sons of Freedom,
 Admire their Rules, but never heed 'em.
 What Man of Spirit would be bound,
 To plod like Stray in Manor Pound ?
 No, rather like a Dog in Snow,
 That pisses high and pisses low ;
 Or friendly Falconers, we fly
 At all, and now we touch the Sky,
 And now we dive, and now we flutter,
 And now we lisp, and now we stutter,
 And sometimes walk, and sometimes creep,
 And often nod, and oftener sleep ;
 Of which we great Example boast,
 From *Tristram Shandy** and the *Ghost*.
 All hail great Author of the latter !
 Greater than *Tristram*, because fatter ;
 Of *Pharaoh's* Kine thou opposite,
 Can'st make a Dinner of a Sp'rite !
 But who that sees thee won'd divine,
 That thou upon a Ghost must dine ?
 Yet it is meet thou shou'd'st be fed,
 Because a Parson, on the Dead.
 Praise thou the Lord for hot and hot,
 For Beef a *Ghost*, for Beer a *Scot* ! —

* It is proper to ask the Author of *Tristram Shandy* Pardon
 for bringing him into such Company. The Performances
 here mentioned are only alike in Irregularity. In that alone
 was the Author of the *Ghost* able to copy from his Original.

Reader,

Reader, have you observ'd a Hack
 With Citt just got upon his Back,
 Loth to forsake the Stable-door,
 Regardless of the single Spur :
 At length, by Dint of *that* and Whip,
 With Snail-like Pace thro' Gateway creep,
 The purpos'd Road to *Hackney* shun;
 And take the Way of *Islington*;
 Halt at each Stile, turn up each Lane ?
 The Cockney tugs the Reins in vain.
 Head, Hands, and Heels in vain he plies ;
 In vain he rides, in vain he flies ;
 The sober Beast will have his Whim ;
 No *Sunday's* Pudding waits for him.
 Just so the feeble modern Bard,
 In great *Apollo's* Stable-Yard,
 By Help of Jossing-Block gets on
 The ancient Hack of *Helicon* :
 To try his Metal on the Road,
 Of Neck-break dithyrambic *Ode*.
 To jog along the Path of *Tale* ;
 Or slumber in the *pastoral* Vale.
 Thro' Fields *epistolary* stray ;
 To dream a *Night*, or doze a *Day*.
 The Bard puts on poetic Face,
 And all impatient for the Race
 He rowls his Eyes, and bites his Quill ;
 But surly *Pegasus* stands still.
 For *Pegasus*, to say the least,
 Is but a head-strong resty Beast :
 And when by City Bards bestriden,
 (We can't in Justice call it ridden,)
 He rears before, and jerks behind ;

Or takes what Road he has a Mind,
 The Poet roosts like Fowl or Perch,
 And dares not use the Spur or Birch :
 But by the Tail and Mane holds fast,
 Yet tumbles in the Dirt at last.

But t'other Day a Mongrel Parson
 Ventur'd to elap his brawny A — on
 The Outside of this skittish Jade,
 To rumble thro' a *Rosciad*.

The Parson then was overtaken;
 And Beer for this Bout sav'd his Bacon.
 An ancient Proverb says, God guards
 Drunkards, and chiefly drunken Bards.
 He rode like Champion or Bear-Warden,
 From *Drury-Lane* to *Covent-Garden* :
 Charg'd thro' the Players thin and thick,
 With fifty Cuff and single Stick.
 In hardy Buff he march'd the Round,
 One luckless Eye in Kerchief bound.
 For Eyes are often black and blue,
 When Parsons will be *Bruisers* too.
 Before him *Buckhorse* walk'd in State,
 And carry'd on a Pole elate,
 Great *Broughton's* Fists, and *Broughton's*
 Head,

Broughton, of Bruisers once the Dread !

And Fifty different Tongues repeat
 The Victor Motto, " Never beat ! — "

An awful Truth in Days of Yore ;

But now, alas ! a Truth no more !

The Parson smiles as who shou'd say,

That every Dog will have his Day.

As Emblems of his double Skill,

To break a Jaw ; or wield a Quill ;

Arrang'd upon his dexter Side

March'd

March'd two Supporters, *W—ks* and *L—yd*!
 A happy Pair; endow'd by Nature,
 With matchless Wit and matchless Feature.
 With Glance oblique one outward throws
 His Eyes; one *Anchors* on his Nose.
 O *W—ks*! Must I repeat thy Name,
 And leave the great, the glorious Theme
 Unsong? No, Muse the Lay begin;
 Inspire me with his native *Gin*.
 The Muse replies, "Another Time
 " Shall furnish *Gin*, shall furnish Rhime,
 " For *Grain-descended W—ks*, but now
 " Go on with *Gh—ll* and the Show."
 Pleas'd I submit. Who can refuse
 Passive Obedience to his Muse?
 His left was guarded by a Pair
 Of Rivals in gymnastic War.
 Ye meaner Worthies of the Knuckle,
 To *Maggs*, and to the *Nailer* truckle!
 And chiefly, by whatever Name
 You stand in *Tott'nham* Rolls of Fame,
 Whether the *Cyclops* please you most;
 Or plainer *Stevenson* you boast:
 Whether on high like *Phaëton*,
 You urge the foaming Coursers on;
 Or humbler guard the Chariot-wheel,
 Protector of the Common-weal,
 When *B—e* (for sure the Tale is true)
 Din'd with our Mayor, back'd by you;
 Ah shun those Seconds of our Bard,
 If you your only Eye regard!
 The trembling Crowd at Distance stare,

To see them poize their Fists in Air ;
 And pointing to the brawny Seer,
 Cry, " Damn your Day lights, look ye here !"
 A Poet of *Milesian* breed,
 Led by the Rein the bounding Steed ;
 He too, like Parson *Ch—ll*, had
 Occasion for a double Trade :
 He wrought in Bricks; and wrote a Play,
 Which hardest would be hard to say.
 The mighty *Bess* whom *Europe* dreaded,
 First box'd the Earl, and then beheaded ;
 But *Irish* Bricklayer more cruel,
 Murder'd poor *Essex* with his Trowel !—
 Behind, and bearing up the Pall ;
Id est, his Robes Pontifical,
 Came he who carried *Fanny's* Farce on,
 A Clerk, now fitted with a Parson.
 He swore t'would be a noble Match,
 To join his *Scribble* to her *Scratch* ;
 And gave his Principal a Hint,
 To put the *Manuscratch* in Print :
 For zounds, quoth he, what mighty Feats
 Wou'd such a Pair perform in *Sheets* !
 The Crowd was tickled with the Notion,
 And *W—ks* and *L—yd* approv'd the Motion :
Maggs and the *Nailer* too consent ;
 What they promote who can prevent ?
Buckhorse and *Bricklayer* give way.
 Hey for *Cock Lane*. Huzza ! Huzza !—
 Our parson saw it was in vain,
 To thwart the Humour of his Train :
 And tho' he did not greatly chuse

Alliance.

Alliance with a Succubus ;
 As being by his Trade a Foe,
 To all the Hierarchy below ;
 Yet rather than be thought to flinch,
 He'd venture on th' infernal Wench :
 The rather still as Parsons may
 Procure a Dinner, any way.
 Towards the City then he rode ;
 But halted at the *Robin Hood* ;
 Cry'd, " D—n my Eyes and Limbs, but here
 " I'll have a double Pot of Beer.
 " Here, mighty *Henley*, Type of me,
 " Gave Lectures of true Orat'ry.
 " Here first he publish'd to the Nation
 " His own, and my Divine Legation.
 " Here left to me his Parts and Flock ;
 " And here to me had left his Cloak ;
 " But he had none ! That Gown, behold,
 " So torn, so rusty, and so old !
 " That Cassock see, of Nut-brown Hue ;
 " That Gown was his, that Cassock too !
 " But, here's the Cure of all my Woes.
 " Sorrow is dry.—Come, *W—ks*,—here
 " goes."
 So drain'd the Pitcher to the Dregs,
 " Well pull'd, confound my Limbs,"
 quoth *Maggs*.
W—ks squinted with tremendous Leer,
 And swore he would not guzzle Beer ;
 But added, with a horrid Grin,
 I'll pledge you o'er and o'er in *Gin*.
 Then ask'd the Parson to alight :
 He did, got drunk, and wrote his *Night*,

Which

Which this important Truth contains,
 That Drinking never hurts his brains ;
 There is a solid Reason for't.
 The Parson has no Brains to hurt.
 Admire in him great *Nature's Art!*—
 She to the Purpose fits the *Part* ;
 And therefore that his Noddle shou'd
 Resist all Battery of Wood,
 She in her heav'nly Prescience,
 Endow'd him with a seven-fold Fence.
 The weighty *Ajax* heretofore,
 A seven-fold Shield in Battle wore ;
 But he, more weighty and more dull,
 Relies upon a seven-fold Skull.

How he again the Steed bestrode,
 And from *Cock-Lane* with *Fanny* rode ;
 How the old Palfrey took to tripping,
 And he to swearing, spurring, whipping :
 How Hat and Wig to boot he lost,
 And bruis'd his Shin against a Post,
 Which made him wish he had been booted ;
 How those that once huzza'd him, hooted ;
 How after many strange Vagaries
 He reach'd the *Hole*, yclep'd *Black Mary's* ;
 How Palfrey plung'd, and Parson fell,
 Into the Vault at *Clerkenwell* ;
 How there he roll'd and sprawl'd about,
 And strove ; but never could get out,
 Another Canto must display,
 For now *Rodondo* claims the Lay.

Rodondo.

Rodondo, while as yet but young,
 Was noted for a flippant Tongue;
 Had Honesty, — enough to swear by.
 His Vote no Minister cou'd e'er buy.
 He thought there was a surer way,
 To make his Fortune than an *Ay*.
 In Opposition fierce as *Tartar*;
 He never gave *Bob Booty* Quarter.
 And thus it grew. Tho' now he scorn it,
Rodondo once was but a Cornet;
 And *Bob* sagaciously observing,
 That People are not fond of starving,
 Believ'd the way to stop his prating
 Tongue, was to keep his Teeth from eating.
 But have you ever known a Hound,
 Or Pointer, to the Manger bound,
 With howling deafen half the Street;
 And to silence him starv'd and beat —
 And did this Method e'er succeed,
 With any Cur of noble Breed?
 No, *Towzer's* howling grows the stronger,
 The more he's beat; or pinch'd with
 Hunger.

An empty Belly grumbles most;
 Which *Bob* experienc'd to his cost.
 For after having done his worst,
Rodondo grew more cross and curst:
 And never ceas'd to bite and snarl,
 'Till *Bob* was outed, and an Earl.
 He rais'd the Nation's Apprehensions,
 With *Court, Corruption, Places, Pensions*.
 Words, which when well dissected mean,

That I am *out*, and you are *in* :
 But which, when properly repeated,
 In every Question that's debated,
 Can ope a thousand Mouths at once ;
 And make a Hero of a Dunce.
 Your *if* is good at making Peace.
Rodondo went to War with *these*.
 He knew that Arguing and Reas'ning,
 Is like a poach'd Egg without Seas'ning,
 And therefore that the surest Ground,
 Was, scorning Sense, to stick to Sound ;
 For sound well manag'd never tires,
 While Sense disgusts our Country 'Squires,
 Observing this, he study'd Phrases,
 To pop out in important Cases :
 On all Occasions he purloin'd 'em ;
 And when he could not steal, he coin'd 'em,
 Thus *Downright*, (*Bobadil* can tell ye)
 Had ne'er a good one in his Belly :
Cudgell he might, if Anger move him,
 But *Bastinado* was above him.
 From that *Rodondo* took the Hint,
 And stamp'd new *Verbage* in his Mint.
 The Vulgar said *Equality* ;
 But he *Parallelality* !—
 So long, so liquid, and so fine :
 It almost helps me out a Line.
Guilt is a Word that looks so grim,
 'Twas *Criminality* with him.
 Nay, even from the *Scots* our Foes
 He borrow'd, to prolong his Prose.
 He kick'd old *English* fairly out,
 And took *Dubiety* for *Doubt*.

Thus

Thus, while from common Sense he
wander'd,
He brought the Language to a Standard;
And who the Devil cou'd withstand
Phrases of so much good Command?

Like *Punchinell* he huff'd and vapor'd;
While meaner Puppets squeak'd and caper'd;
He did not value Money. They
Can never want who never pay!
He had a nobler Passion: Fame.
No Matter how, or whence it came.
He'd save his Country if he cou'd;
But D—n it e'er another shou'd.
I know not how it came in's Noddle;
To take Lord *Peter* for his Model;
And what the most of all surprizes,
Outdid him at his own Devices.
Lord *Peter* only damn'd his Soul,
Who doubted Bread was Fish and Fowl:
But he without the Aid of Heaven,
Cou'd prove both Sides of Problem given:
As thus; he quarrell'd with a Farm,
And thought it did the Manor Harm.
He call'd it by rhetoric Figure
A Mill-stone, tho' 'twas rather bigger,
Which ty'd around old *England's* Neck,
Wou'd make the Isle a perfect Wreck.
The C——ns thought him in the right;
The Nation groan'd, and felt the Weight!
But when Dame *Bridlegoose* gave Way,

B. 2 And

And great *Rodondo* came in play,
 His Mouth in different Strain he opes;
 New Times will ever breed new Tropes;
 The Mill-stone now becomes a Feather;
 To lighten us in stormy Weather;
 So fabled Satyr cou'd of old,
 From the same Mouth blow hot and cold;
 But Satyr met with little Praise;
 'Tis plain he liv'd not in *our* Days.
 " A Feather, Sir? 'tis passing strange!
 " But Things, I own, are apt to change.
 " Good lack! who cou'd have thought it now!
 " A perfect *Eider-down*, I vow!"
 " I'll tell you stranger still." O la!
 " That Feather won *America*."—
 " Nay, sure you jest!" 'Sblood Sir, 'tis true!
 " I yield, Who knows so well as you."—
 Now all submitted to his Sway,
 And, Jehu-like, he drove away.
 Talk to him of the Nation's Debt,
 " He swore it was a Trifle, yet—
 " A hundred Millions!—*Bagatelle!*—
 " A hundred more were pretty well.
 " Add but a hundred more to these,
 " And then—we'll talk of making *Peace*,
 " The Citizens are all *our* Friends;
 " *Thirty per Cent.* to him who lends.
 " There's *B—f—d* and Sir, Sir, Sir, *J—s*,
 " Confound their vulgar City Names;
 " But sure the *M—r* and *R—d—r*,
 " Can keep the *Rabble-rout* in Order.
 " Tho', do 'em Justice, they're content,
 " Provided that enough be spent.

" Give

- " Give but a Merchant present Profit,
 " He takes, and thinks no farther of it.
 " They're but your *Fools* of *Lands* and *Manors*;
 " Your *Lords*, your *Worships*, and your *Honours*,
 " Who fancy that the Nation's *Guide*
 " Shou'd for Posterity provide :
 " But I despise all such. God knows
 " I have no dirty *Lands* to lose.
 " And then *Oeconomy's* so vile. —
 " Four paultry Millions won *Belleisle* ;
 " By which *important* Conquest, we
 " Have got the *Sardine* Fishery. —
 " The *German* War is now my own ;
 " I warrant you I *cram* it down.
 " Our great Commander *Ferdinando*,
 " Has shown us what our *Money* can do.
 " Is it not great to have a *Bridge*
 " Of *Silver*, with a *Golden* Edge ?
 " And then he kills our Men so finely.
 " I swear our *Gazettes* read divinely.
 " What tell you me of *British* Blood ?
 " I buy it just as cheap as Mud.
 " We have the Gallon for a *Pound* :
 " That is, while *Money* can be found.
 " Then there's the *Mars* of Protestants ;
 " Our *Guineas* must supply his Wants.
 " It has been *Britain's* Custom still,
 " In every House to pay the *Bill* ;
 " And shou'd I break the good old Fashion,
 " 'Twou'd hurt *my* Credit with the Nation ;
 " The *Money's* none of Mine, and so
 " I care not how, nor where it go.

" New Imposts I must now contrive,
 " To make our Manufactures thrive.
 " For, Taxes all the World can tell,
 " Enable us---to *under sell*.
 " And every Mortal understands,
 " That War produces---*many Hands*.
 " The Scoundrels have no Need to fast,
 " We've Use for them *before the Mast*.
 " Our Conquests must be far extended;
 " The more, the easier defended.
 " A scatter'd Empire is the *strongest*;
 " Huzza for him that holds out *longest*!
 " What tho' we *suffer* in the Process;
 " The End will folder up all Losses---
 " They say indeed, one must not stretch
 " An Arm beyond its proper Reach;
 " But he who says so is a Slave,
 " A *Jacobite*, a *Beast*, a *Knave*.
 " Whoso but whispers such a thing,
 " Would sell his *Country* and his *K---*,
 " I prove it thus: *What Rogues but such*
 " *Would ever dare to say so much?*"
 With these Conceits *Rodonda* stuff'd,
 For some time strutted, swore, and huff'd.
 The C----ns trembled at his Nod,
 And Money lavishly bestow'd.
 The City furnish'd Cash in Plenty:
 She gain'd four Millions out of *Twenty*;
 And for the Spoil the *Bulls* and *Bears*.
 Oft went together by the Ears.
 Thus having all at his Command,
 He push'd the War by Sea and Land;

Striking.

Striking at ev'ry thing hap-hazard;
 But oft mistaking *Hawke* for *Buzzard*;
 He sent us to the Coast of *France*,
 Merely to show his Vigilance !---
 And 'tis a Pity that *Belleisle*
 Did not surrender in *Aprile*.
 The *Britons* bled for him alone ;
 They had their Pay, he the *Renown*.
Hawk and *Boscawen* swell'd his Pride,
 And *Wolfe* for great *Rodondo* dy'd !---
 To all Men's Merit he laid Claim ;
B-te, *Bridlegoose*, 'twas all the same .
 Quoth *Bridlegoose* " The Plan I laid
 Of conquering *Canada*." " That Head
 (Cries he) " is not so wise as gray ;
 " Good *Bridlegoose* go Home, and lay,
 " Your Eggs ; but know that he alone
 " Contrives the Plan, who drives it on."
 Next *B---te* pretends to *Martinico*.
 " You, cries *Rodondo* ? You !---A *Fico* !---
 " 'Twere very pretty if a *Scot*
 " Shou'd take the Credit of my Plot.---
 " Not he who *executes* is wise,
 " But he who *plans* an Enterprize."
 Thus in old *Æsop's* Apologues,
 The Cook was bit by Brace of Rogues :
 But had he known *Rodondo's* Knack,
 He had giv'n them their *Dilemma* back ;
 And so, for one Joint stoln away,
 Had made them for a couple pay.
 But why shou'd I attempt to tell
 How long he govern'd and how well ?

Till

Till C----l, tir'd of his *Dominion*,
Presum'd to differ in Opinion,
 About some trifling poor Affair,
 No greater than a *Spanish War!*
 But such an Insult ! Who cou'd bear it,
 That had a single Grain of Spirit ?
 To all our Porters it is known,
 That *Britain must* be rul'd by *one*.
 The C----ll----rs are but *his* Minions,
 And who e'er thought of their Opinions ?
 The Secretary is the thing,
 Who minds the C----l or the K---g ?
 But *they* were of another Mind,
 And he in Consequence *resig'nd* !---
 Indeed the Folks of shal low Sense,
 Thought this was only mere Pretence,
 Imagining he apprehended
 A Reck'ning when the Game was ended.
 And so he seiz'd it when he saw,
 A fair Occasion to withdraw.
 As Politicians can't endure,
 Of *Rabelais*, the *Quart de Heure**.
 But these were shallow Fools indeed,
 Cou'd great *Rodondo* ever need
 Apology or Vindication.

* The *Quart de Heure de Rabelais*, in *France*, is the Time
 of paying the Bill ; *Rabelais* was always merry in Company till
 that arrived ; but the Notion of *paying* made an Impression on
 his Spirits, which a full Quarter of an Hour scarcely dissipated.
 From him it has gone into a proverb, which our Countryman
 seems to have had in View when he wrote.

The dreadful Reck'ning comes, Men smile no more !

With

With a *protected, grateful* Nation?
 Pass we his Love for Lady *Es---*
 His Tears he shed to *R---l M---*
 How he his *Cattle* advertis'd,
 That all the World might be advis'd
 Not only of his Fall, but Thrift.
 It was a fair and honest shift.
 He formerly had known its use;
 When he fell out with *Bridlegoose*.
 And we the same wou'd recommend
 On like Occasion to a Friend.
 We pass his Letter to the *Knight*
 So *modest*, pithy; so polite.
 A small but precious Piece it is,
 And stamp'd indelibly for *his*;
 And latest Ages must deplore
 That writing *it*, he wrote no more!
 All these we pass; but can't dispense
 To mark the ways of Providence.
 No sooner was *Rodondo* out,
 Than those who cross'd him tack'd about.
 'Tis true on *better Grounds* they went,
 But he was right---by the Event---
 Because *intuitively* knowing
 Whatever at *Madrid* was doing,
 He thought a timely Blow well laid
 Wou'd knock their Projects all o'the Head.
 Since when a Nation goes to War,
 'Tis weak to bid the Foe take Care.
 Yet all his Wrongs he set aside,
 And tho' he would no longer guide
 In Body; still his mighty Soul

Rode

Rode in the Storm,---and rul'd the Whole!
 His bare Idea was our *Shelter*,
 And drove the *Spaniards* helter *skeker*.
 His Spirit march'd our *Troops* before,
 Inspir'd by him they storm'd the *Maro*!
 For what cou'd *B---e* or *A---le*,
 Unless he undertook the *Quarrel*?
 Mark now of Providence the *Ways*.
 His was the *Work*, and *his* the *Praise*!

END of Canto I.

R O D O N D O ;

O R

The STATE JUGGLERS.

C A N T O II.

R E S I G N A T I O N .

HAIL, *Resignation*, peerless Dame!

Thou shortest, surest Road to Fame!

Tho' not the ruffet-mantled Maid *

That muses in the woodland Shade,

With sober Eye and Brow unbent,

A younger Sister to content;

Who like a fading Meteor hung

Upon the fault'ring Lips of Young :

But coy and courtly *Resignation*,

Who by *retiring* mends her Station !

She, Dread of Weakness, Scorn of Sense,

Half *Treason*, half Impertinence,

Draws her Descent from nobler Race;

For what ennobles all Men ? *Place*.

And sure what dignifies the Taker,

* An *intelligent* Reader will be apt to guess, that we mean here the Virtue called *Resignation*, a very passive Sort of Personage.

Must

Must do much more to the Forsaker—
 Bards sing, that tir'd with *Civil Wars*,
Faction devolv'd on her his Cares ;
 Of all his *Loves* the dearest Pledge,
 Fools call her Mother *Privilege* ;
 But Genealogists agree
 That *Licence* was the happy she.
 With lovely *Liberty* old *Faction*
 Wou'd very fain have been in Action,
 And practis'd all his Arts to woo her ;
 Not from Desire, but to undo her.
 With ev'ry Grace and Virtue deck'd,
 Fair *Liberty* had one Defect ;
 Too honest to be wise, her Heart—
 Was not enough aware of Art ;
 She took all those for real Friends
 That follow'd her for private Ends,
 On this, and some small *Itch* for Flattery,
 The hoary Letcher rais'd his Battery ;
 And press'd the Siege with such Address,
 As wanted little of Success ;
 Yet fail'd at length impolitically,
 By throwing off the Mask too quickly ;
 On which the Traytor had recourse
 To the last Plea of Lovers, Force.
 But in the very way which you know
Jove baulk'd *Ixion's* sport with *Juno*,
 He fairly got the *quid pro quo*,
 In Manner as we mean to shew.
 There was a *Drury-hundred* Walker,
 A Rioter and common Talker,
 Immers'd in every Kind of Knavery ;
 Who call'd all rule and Order Slavery :
 Wou'd damn the Watch, and kick their A—,

Set fire to Houses, and pick Purses.
 If Hunger pinch'd won'd write a Libel
 Against her *Sovereign*; or *Bible*;
 With her it was a darling Theme,
 To utter Scandal; — or blaspheme;
 And like *Drawcanfir* rough and curst,
 All this she did, because she *durst*.
 This *Hag*, of *Liberty* the Ape,
 Usurp'd her Dress, her Air, her Shape,
 Her Name; but none of her Conditions:
 Yet Coffee-drinking Politicians
 Disclaim'd the true, believing she
 Alone was genuine *Liberty*.
 Old *Faction* had when poor espous'd her;
 But growing great, in *Bridewell* hous'd her,
 (He never misses thus to treat
 Whoever helps to make him great.)
 There whipp'd and pickled she remain'd,
 While he tyrannically reign'd:
 But when from Power the Tyrant fell,
 She made Elopement from her Cell,
 And by Misfortune nothing taught,
 His Company again she sought.
 In Course of which she soon divin'd,
 What he 'gainst *Liberty* design'd,
 And archly put herself on Spouse,
 For her he plotted to abuse:
 And thus in *lawful* Recreation;
Licence engender'd *Resignation*,
 Who soon gave Proof of rising Merit;
 Of Father's *Parts*, and Mother's *Spirit*;
 Her Nurse, an Idol of the *Mob*,
 Improv'd her Talents for a *Job*:

C

With

With *Corporation Knowledge* fraught her ;
 To *Canvass*, *Bribe*, and *Garble* taught her ;
 To *Poll*, and *Trim*, and *Fawn*, and *Bully* ;
 And try to make the K—— a *Cully*.
 This she cou'd do, while but a *Chitt* :
 But growing up to *Years* and *Wit*,
 She learnt the Art unknown before,
 Of washing *white*,—the *Black-a-moor* !—
 What *Statesman* was it, can you tell,
 Who liv'd so *ill*, yet ate so *well* ;
 Whose *Speeches*, *Politics*, and *Feasts*,
 Became the Nation's standing *Jests* ;
 Who never did, tho' always *doing*.
 Who *went* ; but thought not whither *going* ;
 Who still pursu'd——he knew not *what* :
 Whose Parts just furnish'd *Levee* Chat ?
 Who spent his Money——and the *Nation's*,
 In making *Members*, and——*Collations* ?
 Who wou'd forsake a Lord o'the Land,
 To take his *Butcher* by the Hand ;
 And practis'd in the Arts of *Pleasing*,
 Discharg'd his Tradesmen's Bills by *squeezing* ?
 To whom ; as own'd by the *North Briton**,
 Our M——chs owe the T—— they sit on ?
 A Truth, which *Europe* must confess ;
 Since 'tis impossible that *less*
 Cou'd ever tempt a K——g to suffer
 This *hubble-bubble Candle-snuffer*.

* The Admirers of this intrepid Aspirer to the Pillory, will not fail to recollect an Assertion, which closes one of his latest Effusions ; but which we do not think it very safe to repeat in prose, not being emulous of *that* Honour.

On *him* she had a Mind to show;
How far *absterfive* Art wou'd go ;
And thus the noble *D—ke* accosted
With Years and *dirty Work* exhausted.

- " My Lord, I shou'd be most ungrateful,
" (A Crime to noble Natures hateful,)
" If, when Conjectures run so nice,
" I fail'd to offer my Advice :
" You know my *Talent*, and in short
" Have often been the *better* for't.
" My Lord, you *drivel*, tho' in Truth
" You have but *drivel'd* from your Youth :
" Yet that is not the worst ; your *Fame*
" Is blasted with an uglier Name.
" They say—(your L—d—p must excuse
" The Terms I am oblig'd to use)
" They say your G—ce is like a *Mule*
" *AMBIGENOUS** of Knave and Fool :
" In whom the Natures so are blended,
" That one by t'other's ne'er transcended.
" Yet from these perfect Counterpoizes,
" This Benefit to you arises ;
" That when we *fret* at *knavish Half*,
" The other turns it to a—-*Laugh* ;
" And no Man *heartily* detests
" The Argument of all Men's *Jests* :
" Which, I presume, may be the Cause
" Of your *escaping* penal Laws.
" This, while it lasts is mighty clever ;
" But folly cannot please for ever.

* The Author offers Complements to the Critics, and makes them a present of this Word, with full Power to use it, or abuse it at their Pleasure.

" When you are laid in Grave, and rotten,
 " Your *merry* Parts will be forgotten,
 " And *those* which some the *wiser* think,
 " To all Posterity must *sink*. —
 " Now, wou'd you this Disgrace eschew? —
 " You wou'd. — Why then I'll tell you *how*. —
 " *Resign* your Places. What, you start! —
 " Nay keep 'em still. — With all *my* Heart.
 " Do, *croak* and *hobble*, *cringe* and *flatter*,
 " A Year or two is no great Matter;
 " And therefore it shou'd be employed,
 " To get the Mob upon your Side.
 " You've liv'd enough for *Towns* and *Counties*,
 " They all have tasted of your *Bounties*. —
 " Now, having but an Hour to spare,
 " Bestow it on your *Character*.
 " I have an excellent *Cosmetic*;
 " The *Sov'reign white Wash-ball politic*;
 " Of which, a single Application
 " Will scour the *soulest Reputation*.
 " *Cold Cream*, *Pig-water*, *Gloves of Chick*,
 " For Maid whose Skin is coarse and thick,
 " Are poor to Suds of *Opposition*,
 " At Clear-starching a Politician.
 " This *Latber* (for it is no Paint)
 " Can turn a Devil to a Saint,
 " If you its *Efficacy* doubt,
 " You need but cast your Eyes *about*.
 " Observe its Virtue on the *Brothers*,
 " *T—ple* and *P—tt*; and many others,
 " Whose Names for *Good* were never known,
 " But now the Idols of the Town
 " And Country too. Then for the *Cost*;

" 'Tis but a Trifle. *Quit your Post.*
 " *Resign.* I think 'tis very plain
 " You ne'er will be employed again;
 " For that wou'd spoil the whole Affair,
 " And bring us just to where we were."
She spoke, *he* yielded to Conviction,
 And found the Truth of her Prediction.
 But what is most to be *admir'd*,
 Without a *Pension* he *retir'd*!
 Which some attribute to a *Qualm*,
 Arising from a Speck i'the *Palm*.
 That ever yawning Gulph of *Cash*,
 Which baffled *Resignation's* Wash.
 Tho' *syer Politicians* Hint,
 He had another *Motive* in't:
 To throw a *Slur* by *Implication*
 Upon *Rodondó's Reputation**.
 But leaving *that*, a Point to settle,
 By Heads than ours of weightier Metal:
 The Muse returns with speed *Aërial*,
 To our *Buck-washer* Ministerial.
 Soon as the Tidings flew abroad
 How he, *once* bloated like a Toad,
 So *dapper* and so *fair* was grown,
 And slender as a *Little-n*;
 The Pack of Courtiers were in Motion;
 And ran in Crowds to buy the *Lotion*;
 The veriest *Whiffers* now grew *touchy*;

* The Contrast of these great Personages is in nothing more
 remarkable than in their Style of retiring; they seem both to
 have made their Exit in a State of Repentance. The one re-
 pented he had *taken* too much, and the other that he had *taken*
 too little; each made the best Atonement in his Power.

From *Park*, from *Bed-chamber*, and *Duchy*;
 They flew; as *Ash-nh-m* and *D-pl-n*,
 And *R-k'gh-m*, Names hard to Couple in
 Metre; cou'd Nature e'er propose
 Such Sounds for any Thing but Prose?
 But Bards are bound to shun *Non nomer*,
 By *Law* and Precedent from *Homer*;
 And therefore we our *Skill* must try,
 On their Inflexibility:
 Tho' when the Muse a *Name* bestows,
 She pays such People all she owes.
 Yet *one* remains; almost as fit
 A Theme for Poetry as *P—tt*!
 A *Kite* it is of Region higher——
 The mighty D—ke of *D—re*!
 O were my Muse a Muse of *Sattin*!
 My Quill a *Peacock's*, Language *Latin*!
 My *Pegasus*, the *Hippogriffon*,
 Which brave *Astolphus* sat so stiff on!
 My Brain, a *Limbec* to distill,
 Of high *Parnassus* every Rill!
 My Voice, the Trump of *Fame*, to blow
 Both from *above*, and from *below*;——
 Then should I mount! then should I climb
 The very Weather-cock of Rhime!
 And sing with *Sacrogorgons Fire*,
 The mighty Duke of *D—re*!
 But since *these* pretty Things I lack,
 I must e'en keep the beaten *Track*,
 And tell my Tale without Recourse
 To *Latin*, *Limbec*, *Trump*, or *Horse*.
 The *simple Duke* laid down his *Rod*.
 The *simple Duke* became a *God*!

And

And wisely thought his dread Command,
 Wou'd make it bad like Aaron's Wand :
 Or that when thrown upon the floor,
 'Twou'd grow a *Serpent* to devour !
 'Tis still a *Stick* of harmless *Wood*,
 And very properly bestow'd.—
 Thus in a Game at Cards, we see
 The *Knaves* stand up for *Liberty*.
 Attempt to lead the venial *Pack*,
 And fling the *M—ch* on his Back :
 But *K—gs* for *Knaves* are still too hard ;
 The *K—g* must be the leading *Card*.

We left *Rodondo* crown'd with Laurels,
 Won by your *B—es* and *Alb—rles* ;
 Yet deep in desp'rate Dudgeon fretting ;
 My Lady *Ch—h—m* near him, Knitting.
 His *Head, Feet, Bum*, reclin'd on Down ;
 He thus broke silence with a Frown.
 " Shall I, Great Britain's great *Apostle* ?
 " Submit to *B—e* without a Buffle ?
 " Shall I, like Cur, be fed with Sops ?
 " Shall pauntry *Pensions* shut my Chops ;
 " And shan't I dart my Rhet'ric at him,
 " Because my Dame is Lady *Ch—h—m* ?
 " Shall I both *Place* and *Power* forego ?—
 " Confound me, Madam, if I do.—
 " Curse on the Vanity of Women !
 " 'Tis that alone makes *Slaves* of *Freemen* !
 " That single Vice betray'd old *Eve*,
 " If we the History believe ;
 " And I cou'd almost lay a Bett,

Her

" Her *Apple* was a *Coronet** —
 " I wish you had your *Bawble*, where
 " *Corisca* had the *Porringer* —
 " *The Ladle*, I suppose you mean ?"
 " No Matter, so it were but *in*;
 " It might for ever *there* remain,
 " E'er I shou'd *wish* it out again.
 " *He* who is *guided* by his Spouse,
 " Must shut his Mouth in every *House*;
 " I was before this damn'd Disaster,
 " At least in *that* of *G---s Master* :
 " But now forsooth, I must be *dumb*,
 " As well in *Senate*, as at Home.
 " And mutely mourn the loss of my
 " *Dumfoundificability*."

" Hold (says my *Lady*,) not so hot:---
 " Reserve those hard Names for the *SCOT* :
 " But treat your Wife with more Civility,
 " And none of your *Confoundrability*†.
 " Go *swagger* somewhere else, for here
 " You must not think to *domineer*.
 " What ! Shall your Words of Half an Ell,
 " Which *rumble* like a Witches Spell,
 " However in the *House* they take,
 " E'er make my *Lady Ch--h--m* quake ?

* The Conjectures of the Learned as to the particular Species of this unlucky Fruit have been so various, that I see no Reason why our Hero may not be indulged in *his*. *Quis enim vetatur in re tam antiqua Hariolari*.

† I hope the candid and indulgent Reader will excuse a *Lady's* Misapprehension of this Word.

" Lord !

" Lord ! What are all their Heads made of,
 " To mind your *rumbumbellow* Stuff ?---
 " With me, it passes just for Wind,
 " Which might have issued from *behind*.
 " You are, *my dearest*, one of those
 " Who take their *Pepper* in the *Nose*,
 " Hence *Eruations*, *Flatulencies*,
 " And all the peevish, wayward Fancies,
 " Which are in sickly Stomachs bred,
 " And very apt to hurt the *Head*.
 " From such no Medicine relieves,
 " So quickly as *Carminatives*.
 " Eat *Carroways* and *Cardamum*,
 " To *pass* your *Humours* by the *Burn*
 " And so may all your *Humours pass*---
 " Now give me Leave to state the *Case*.---
 " You rail at Mother *Eve* and me,
 " And prate of *Woman's Vanity*:-
 " But was it *Vanity* of mine
 " That forc'd your *Worship* to *resign* ?
 " No, no, my *Dear*, 'twas your own *Pride*,
 " Because *alone* you cou'd not *guide*,
 " That made you, like a silly *Novice*,
 " Throw up a profitable *Office*.---
 " But when the *greater Game* is gone,
 " Who overlooks the *after one* ?
 " When you went *out* 'twas surely best
 " To think of feathering the *Nest*.
 " I know your *Eloquence* is *great* ;
 " But can we dine on a *Debate* ?
 " Or have you ever learnt the *Skill*,
 " With *Words* to pay the *Butcher's Bill* ?
 " Will any of your *wise Presages*

Pay

" Pay Children's Board, or Servants Wages ?—
 " You know I scorn my Heart to fix
 " On lolling in a Coach and Six.
 " *Four* went at once ; you *advertis'd* them,
 " Did I complain ? No, I despis'd them.—
 " And *yet* a single *Pair* looks odd,
 " Considering what the *K—g* bestow'd.
 " For you the *Pension* still forget,
 " In railing at the *Coronet*.
 " I am a *P—s*, very true ;
 " But who enjoys the *Pension* ? You——
 " Be wise, and peaceably enjoy it,
 " Nor try again to breed a Riot.
 " Reflect that you are growing old,
 " Gouty, and subject to catch Cold ;
 " Your Juggling also is suspected,
 " And may be *publickly* detected :
 " For who wou'd wish a merrier Sight,
 " Than of a *flannel-bolster'd* Wight,
 " On *sixteen* Porters Shoulders borne,
 " While round him *Cinder-Wenches* mourn ?
 " He crying, 'Tis too much, my *Friends*,
 " *For me ! How shall I make Amends ?*——
 " Of *that*, indeed, his *Friends* take Care ;
 " *Each has two Guineas for his Fare*.
 " The *Devil* give them Good, I say,
 " Whose Money is bestow'd *that* Way.
 " No Powder in his Wig ; his Face
 " Screw'd to a Tragedy Grimace ;
 " And while he *O my Country !* cries,
 " Claps me an Onion to his Eyes :
 " Or if he genuinely *grieves*,
 " It is because his Country thrives

" In other Hands, and put on Diet,
 " To heal the Wounds of *War* and Riot.
 " The very *Door-Keepers* it touches,
 " To see him tottering on *Crutches*.
 " In *them* a double Virtue lies ;
 " They raise *Compassion*,—and a *Noise*.
 " He takes his Seat with such *Fracas*,
 " That every Heart is struck with Awe :
 " As greatest *Patriot*, passing Doubt,
 " Is he who makes the greatest *Rout*.
 " The Groundlings cry, *Alas ! poor Man !*
 " *How ill he is ! How pale ! How wan !*
 " Yet such his Love of *US* and *STRIFE*,
 " He'd rather run the *Risque* of *Life*,
 " Than leave the BLEEDING LAND a Prey
 " To B—TE, PEACE, and OECONOMY !
 " He sighs and groans while others speak,
 " As if his very Heart wou'd break ;
 " At length he tries to rise ; a *Hum*
 " Of Approbation fills the Room.
 " He bows, and tries again ; but, no,
 " He finds that *standing* will not do ;
 " And therefore to compleat the Farce,
 " The *H—e* cries *hear him on his A—!*—
 " He bows again, and then commences,
 " To broach his *ill drawn* Inferences ;
 " Talks incoherently of Peace,
 " And *Inadmissibilities*.—
 " Makes use of none but *Poly syllables*,
 " Which he in speaking deems *Infallibles* ;
 " For, as the *longest* Scimitar,
 " Still gets the Victory in War ;
 " In *Politics* the same is seen,
 " The *longest Words* are sure to win.

" They

“ They pick for desp’rate Enterprize,
 “ Both *Men* and *Terms* of portly Size;
 “ And sure his Prowess most appears
 “ In both, who has most *Grenadiers*.
 “ What tho’ in forming they are found,
 “ To take up too much Time and Ground;
 “ Yet as *our* great Commander makes
 “ Advantage of his own Mistakes;
 “ So skilful *Orator* may draw
 “ Important Service from a Flaw,
 “ He may break off, by *Grief* o’ercome,
 “ And grow *pathetically* dumb!
 “ As if he thus the House address’d,
 “ *Alas! I cannot speak the rest!*—
 “ This raises Pity, makes a Pause,
 “ And gives an Op’ning for Applause:
 “ He next may *swoon* and shut his Eyes;
 “ *A Cordial! else the Patriot dies!*—
 “ The Cordial comes, he takes it off.
 “ *He lives, he lives! I hear him cough!*
 “ Now he recovers, and with *Meekness*,
 “ Apologizes for his Weakness,
 “ *He is not us’d to be thus mov’d;*
 “ *But for his Country! so BELOV’D!*
 “ *HIS BLEEDING COUNTRY! who can bear*
 “ *To think of ending such a War?*
 “ Thus *Pause, Swoon, Cordial*, all combine
 “ To forward *Patriot’s* Design.
 “ As for the Dram, even *Garrick* lacks
 “ A Glas of Brandy between Acts;
 “ And all *Comedians* extoll
 “ The frequent Use of *Alcohol*.
 “ But wherefore shou’d I quote a *Player*?

“ The

" The mighty *B* — *d* our *L* — *d* *M* —
 " Of dearest Life the dearest *Chum* —
 " Is ne'er without a Flask of Rum ;
 " If you shou'd ever be in *trim* —
 " Of Patriot ; apply to him ;
 " Tho' fain I'd hope that you'll grow wise,
 " And stay at home as I advise.
 " Nor fret your Guts to Fiddle strings,
 " With leading Mobs and vexing K — gs,
 " Meerly to be admir'd by Fellows
 " With greazy Aprons in an Alehouse ;
 " While all the *wisest* and the *Best*,
 " Make of your *Mummery* a Jest."

Thus spoke my *Lady* against Speeches ;
 And one wou'd think she wore the Breeches,
 Else she had never dar'd to prate
 So freely of Affairs of State.
 But *that* from Sequel we deny,
 Because he deign'd her no *Reply* :
 But soon as e'er the *Larum* stopp'd,
 Got up, and to the Bell-string hopp'd :
 Rang Footman up. — " Your Honour call ?"
 " Yes — Send *John* here, — and saddle *Ball*."
John enters. " *John* get ready, go —
 " Fetch me — The Mortgage upon *St — w*." —
 " The Mortgage, Sir ? An't please your Honour,
 " I know of none upon the Manor !" —
 " Confound the Rascal's *Jobbernot* ! —
 " I mean, — my *Brother*, — *Tididol*, —
 " A thick skull'd Varlet not to see

D

" My

“ My beautiful *Metonymy* *!—
 “ I find I must this Clodpate teach,
 “ To understand my Grace of Speech;
 “ That all the *clever* Things I say,
 “ On him may not be thrown away.
 “ *John*, *Sages* think that *Masters* shou’d
 “ Be by their *Servants* understood;
 “ And truly they are often so,
 “ Among the *Vulgar* and the *Low*,
 “ Who are in Speech no farther taught,
 “ Than bluntly to express a Thought:
 “ But Men of my superior Sense,
 “ Don’t call such Prattle *Eloquence*.—
 “ We have Authority divine,
 “ Not to bestow our *Pearls* on Swine;
 “ And this the richest *Pearl* of Heaven,
 “ To Men is very rarely given;
 “ Since, so far as my Knowledge reaches
 “ Of *Orators*, *Debates*, and *Speeches*;
 “ But *three* have e’er enjoy’d it fully,
 “ *Myself*, *Demosthenes*, and *Tully*.
 “ *John*, That *Demosthenes* cou’d speak!
 “ So learn’d!—he always gabbled *Greek*!—
 “ And so cou’d I upon Occasion,
 “ If talking *Greek* were now the Fashion.
 “ Your *Tully* all in *Latin* spoke;
 “ But then he wou’d so *pun* and *joke*!—
 “ And yet I doubt these *Greeks* and *Romans*
 “ Wou’d not be heard in House of *C—ns*;
 “ Because where *I* am so applauded,

* Some may be puzzled to discover how this *cataphorical*
Periphrase comes to be called a *Metonymy*—we refer them to
 the Criticks.

" Such *Fellows* must be little lauded.
 " But to return from this Digression,
 " Leaving *Professors* for *Profession* ;
 " 'Tis *Eloquence*, which, with a small cast
 " Of *Logic*, in the Way of Ballast,
 " Composes *Rhetoric* ; — a Science
 " At which I bid the *Devil* defiance !
 " With *this*, and lusty Pair of *Bellows*,
 " I maul your *Ministerial Fellows* ;
 " Can turn the Nation upside down,
 " And at my *Pleasure* shake the *T—ne* ;
 " For *this* I'm courted, — out or in ; —
 " And lose who lists I'm sure to win.
 " With *this*, I show to *Demonstration*,
 " That *Debts* and *Taxes* — Save the Nation ;
 " That when we spend the Money fast,
 " It must of course the longer last ;
 " That spilling Oceans of our *Blood*,
 " Must do the *Constitution* good ! —
 " With *this*, I prove *Marasmus*, Health !
 " War, Poverty, and *Famine*, *Wealth* ! — — —
 " Nay, *John*, ne'er stare, and shake your Pate.
 " I guess what you wou'd intimate. — — —
 " You think, while I its Powers impart,
 " I use a *Figure* of my *Art* ?
 " 'Tis true, to prove what he allèdges
 " The *Art* no *Orator* obliges ;
 " Yea more, the *Knack* of *Fibbing* well,
 " In *Rhet'ric* has no Parallel ;
 " And if that *Privilege* you lop
 " We *Orators* might shut up Shop.
 " But *John*, — I here must use a *Term*
 " Of *Art*, which often does me *Harm*.

“ *Distinguish Orator* declaiming,
 “ From *him*, when to *instruct* you aiming :—
 “ And in this *Recapitulation*
 “ I meant *Instruction* ; not *Persuasion* ;
 “ But when I set me to persuade,
 “ I can do every Thing I said !—
 “ Ay and much more.—You ask me how ?
 “ For *that*, a *Simile* will do.
 “ And a propos to *Pearls* and *Swine*,
 “ I hear a cursed *Porker* whine.
 “ Look out.” “ *It is the Gard’ner’s Dog*
 “ *Lugging the Ears of* t’ *brindled Hog.*”
 “ Right ; Now come in, and shut the Casement,
 “ Draw near, and learn to your Amazement,
 “ That *my all powerful Eloquence*
 “ Can bring a *Simile* from thence !—
 “ That *Dog*, tho’ but a Gard’ner’s Cur,
 “ Suppose for once an *Orator* :—
 “ That *Hog*, at Ear of which *Dog* hangs,——
 “ An Audience list’ning to Harangues.—
 “ But here our *Simile* must halt,
 “ Of *Simile*’s the constant Fault :
 “ To make it gallop on all *Four*,
 “ The *Hog* shou’d hang upon the *Cur*,
 “ As all our Poets in their Songs
 “ Make *Senates* hang on *Speakers* Tongues.
 “ Let others look to *that* ; while we
 “ Take as we find it, *Simile*.
 “ First, *Dog* runs hard, at *Hog* to come,
 “ Which Artists call *Exordium*.—
 “ Perceiving this, if *Hog* is wise,
 “ He from the Dunghill starts,—and flies.
 “ Bawls out before the *Dog* comes near him,

“ Which

- " Which represents the *Hear him! Hear him!*—
 " While Hog in flight precipitate,
 " Prefigures *Minister of State*,
 " Whose constant Course it is to fly
 " For Shelter to *Majority!*—
 " Now nimbler Dog on Hog gains Ground.—
 " Hog doubles to escape from Hound;
 " From which,---most palpably appear.
 " The shuffling Tricks of Minister!—
 " Dog overruns, and misses Prey,
 " Tumbles and howls, from which you may
 " Have an Idea with Precision;
 " Of a *Minority* Division!—
 " Wing'd with fresh Spirits Hog flies faster,
 " Triumphant in poor Dog's Disaster.
 " He triumphs, and he flies in vain,
 " For Dog is at his Heels again!—
 " And now within his Haunch he stretches,
 " And now at wagging Ear he snatches;
 " Which seiz'd at length,——down tumbles *Pig*,
 " Thus ends political Intrigue!—
 " And thus from *Hog* and *Dog* appears
 " The Power of *Orators on Ears*.
 " And hence perhaps the Proverb might grow,
 " Of having by the Ear the *right Sow*.
 " But, *John*, I hope you have ta'en Notice
 " Of what in Simile a Blot is;
 " That tho' the Audience was intended,
 " Yet with the Minister it ended?—
 " Now *how* that *is*, and *why* 'tis so,
 " I in *few* Words proceed to show.
 " Attend, dear *John*, there is a Quality
 " Denominated *Criticality*.—

" A Kind of captious, snarling Vice,
 " Which proves Men not so wise as nice.
 " You have observ'd within a Roof,
 " An eager Spider ply his Woof;
 " And lurk perdue within the Loom,
 " Nor think of all-destroying Broom;
 " Whet-for the caitiff Fly his Pounces?—
 " But if 'gainst Web a *Hornet* bounces,
 " Headlong to Earth the Spider falls,
 " While Hornet marks not as he crawls!—
 " Careless he wheels in airy Rings,
 " And shakes the Cobweb from his Wings.
 " Your literary *Whipper-in*,
 " To this same Spider is a-kin;
 " For puny Insects he in wait lies,
 " But dares not meddle with the *great Flies*.
 " And *I* the *Monarch* of the Hive,
 " Standing on my Prerogative,
 " Scorn Taste, Correctness, and Propriety;
 " For Novelty and *great Variety*.
 " Thus have I given sufficient Reason
 " To answer for a worse Misprision,
 " And yet perhaps upon the Matter
 " I have another and a better;
 " Which take in short: The Nation knows:
 " My Maxim ever *was*, *Oppose*!----
 " And be the Minister who will,
 " My Maxim *is*----*Oppose* him still;
 " For tho' to *Britain* necessary,
 " 'Tis good for *me* that *all* miscarry.
 " Excepting *one*, I need not name him;----
 " Envy herself would blush to blame him;
 " I do my *best* for all the Flock;
 " To bring them fairly to the *Block*.

" And

" And yet I'm not like *Lilburne*,* he
 " Even with *himself* cou'd not agree :
 " But *I*, howe'er I *hate* the rest,
 " Am in *myself* compleatly blest.
 " Now this same *Hate* with which I burn,
 " Lugs me them in at every Turn ;
 " And be the Subject *that*, or *this*,
 " The M-----r ne'er comes amiss.
 " *Cato* his Speeches still wou'd end :
 " With a---*Carthago est delenda* !*
 " But I, both *finish* and *begin*.
 " With railing at the Party *in*.
 " Tho' this is wide of my Intention ;
 " And this I only *slightly* mention,
 " That you may judge when Merit lies in
 " An Orator episodizing.---
 " Now seeing Eloquence produces
 " Such weighty and important *Uses*,
 " 'Tis proper you shou'd be advis'd,
 " In what the *Science* is compris'd.
 " Why just in this, in giving up
 " Plain Sense and Meaning for a Trope.---
 " Then there's another, call'd a *Figure*.---
 " But which the less, or which the bigger,
 " Must even *on the Table* lie,
 " Till I consult with *Farnaby* !

* This is *John Lilburne* of whom it was said, That had he been alone in the World, *Lilburne* would have gone to Cuffs with *John*, and *John* with *Lilburne*—by *one* Degree a greater Patriot than our Hero.

* This *Apocope* comes luckily enough to our Hero's Relief, otherwise it is hard to say what Termination he might have bestowed on the Word.

" Next :

" Next follow *Metaphor* and *Simile*,
 " And after *these* a num'rous Family,
 " Made up of *others of the same*,
 " Which I can better use than name ;
 " As only base mechanic Souls
 " Can tell the Names of all their Tools.
 " Your Metaphor, as Ancients held it,
 " Is but a *Simile* dock'd and gelded ;
 " And so your Similes of course
 " Are ungelt, long-tail'd *Metaphors* !----
 " I nam'd another----what was he ?---
 " At first ?---Phaw !---O---Metonymy !
 " He is---but better an Example.
 " You know I call'd my Brother *T---le*,
 " (Pray keep the Phrase in your Remembrance,)
 " On *S---w* a Mortgage ; or Incumbrance.
 " Now, *John* by this I understand
 " A Man whose Merit lies in---Land,
 " In Gardens, and a princely Seat,
 " In Front, God knows how many Feet !
 " Himself like, what we sometimes see,
 " A *Louse* upon Embroidery !
 " And truly, *John*, the Time affords
 " Enow, both Commoners and Lords,
 " With whom the Figure well may suit,
 " O ! that it would apply to *B---te* !
 " When we a noble *Villo* spy,
 " It raises Curiosity
 " To know the Owner's Name.---Alas !
 " The lordly Owner proves an---Afs !---
 " Now for my Brother. *John*, suppose"---
 " *John* clapt his Finger on his Nose.

" *I understand your Honour now.*

" *I'll bring the Mortgage upon St---w !*"

But here we mean to halt, and stay
While *John* performs his Embassy.
A long Career wou'd break our Wind.
Now Reader breathe, and look behind.
We use an Author's Privilege,
To lead you over Ditch and Hedge,
O'er Hill and Dale, with Fancy strolling ;
And sometimes dull and sometimes drolling.
But if our Laughing Vein offend
Any, to such we recommend
The squalid *Prophecy of Famine*,
And much good may it do 'em.---AMEN.

END of CANTO II.

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